Volume XII Chicago, Ill., March, 1936 Number 12

The Liberalist

It is said that he who sends forth a golden thought through the generations of time, does so to his eternal joy. If this little publication should set free a golden thought, to brighten your life and the lives of those that may come in contact with yours, we shall have done a memorable thing.

—THE EDITORS.

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The Peoples Church

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MEDITATION

"Infinite Spirit, divine Heart, we come into Thy presence in this particular moment because of our deep sense of our individual need. We are aware of that need, more deeply aware of it perhaps than we have ever been before. For cleansing, for awakening, for realization, for a sense of reality, for courage, we open our hearts and we open our minds and we send out from the quiet and the beauty of this moment of our common worship, to every life everywhere, the vision of the better way, and to all who are feeling intensely the sorrow of life, all who are being broken by the disillusionment of life, all who are finding life increasingly difficult, somehow might it be possible for them and for us to meet either in the highway of the sky by way of the radio or on the streets of earth that they might realize how futile and impotent are the ways they are trying, confused and broken ways, and that there is a way, plain, simple, straight, no complications and no confusion and if the heart and the mind will only unite in the common effort to find that way, life would be more beautiful and life would be more kind."

"THE GREAT GAME"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, March 8th, 1936

"Even though the great Teacher was always a universal in thought, concept and imagination, he was also everlastingly a contemporary of the society and the age in which he lived. The greatness of his message to his generation is only intensified in importance and validity by the continuous development of human society along the lines of establishing certain fundamentals necessary for human life and for human society.

The permanency of his message is its great power. The application of that message to all aspects and phases of human life at any age and at any time is its permeating distinction. Therefore, while he always spoke to his own age and always applied those ethical and spiritual applications, which he felt necessary to heal the wounds of his age, he was also able to make the same applications and the same remedies that would heal the wounds and the sufferings of every age. It is not a distinguishing criticism for anyone to bring against the validity of the teachings of the Master that he had a message only for his own age, for the historians who are familiar with the history and sociological background of the age in which the great Teacher taught is likewise definitely familiar with the analogy which exists with the age in which we now live and the age which constituted the sounding-board for the great utterances of his mind and heart. Therefore there is one incident in the life of the Teacher that was exceptional, an incident of a contemporary character, but the question which precedes the incident and application is intensely modern, for one afternoon in Galilee, this sensitive heart and soul and mind to what he saw was the creeping and inevitable disaster of his own people and his own country looked out upon the Galileans runn-

ing hither and thither trying to find an answer to the problems and trying to play the game of life. He saw how utterly helpless and confused and chaotic they were; he looked at their goings and their comings, he saw their false understandings and their distorted perceptions, he watched them in their experiments trying to find an answer and a way to the simple problems of life. After he studied them and watched them for a period of time, he saw them cheating life, always the result of cheating oneself, saw them following false gods, worshipping transitory pleasures, saw them lose the sense of the eternal without which no man ever really lives, saw them substituting the great eternal principle behind the game of life, which are inviolate and cannot be defied. They were to speed up the processes of life and bring results without the inevitable necessity of sacrifice and of effort and contribution. The Galileans were a very definite picture of our modern society. The Galileans were very much a reflection of that which I think every keen observer, as he goes up and down the highways of our modern life, can easily discern and detect. When this great Teacher, and he was a great Teacher,—this world has never seen a greater,—he knew human life. He knew this world, and because he had a sense of that which endureth, he knew where to place the emphasis in every area of his life. When he was seeking for this orientation of life he knew the rules of the game and never once did he attempt to establish his own rules in order to speed up results. He knew that it was founded upon definite and scientific principles of individual and social relationships. He knew that nations would come and go, empires would rise and fall, the strategy of kings and the dreams of diplomats would pass in the panorama of human history. He knew the great game of life, and when he stood and watched the Galileans the day of which I speak, he looked out upon them and asked this question: 'What shall I liken this generation unto?' 'What shall I liken this generation unto?' He had walked among it, he had been a part of it, he was a product of it, it was life of his life and heart of his heart, his roots were deep in the subsoil. He watched them practicing their foibles reacting from life, he saw those Galileans as every solitary anchorage of their lives failed to hold in the emergency of life, and he said to them: 'What shall I liken this generation unto?' He raised his face, he looked at the market place, little children were there in the market place, and looking at them he answered his own question when he said: 'They are like unto little children sitting in the market places playing their games.' 'Of what shall I liken this generation unto?' is the question here still asked. Can you imagine one who had such a sense of eternal rectitude and saw so definitely the ultimate of all life that when he sees a generation falsifying itself, destroying itself, creating those opportunities for its permanent mutilation, a generation that has had seven thousand years of definite idealism, a generation that can read the record of the past and the recorded annals of human history, a generation that is not ignorant, a generation which has access to the record of the human race, a generation that has tasted every experience of human life, a generation that has watched the procession of the ages, a generation that seems utterly incapable and wholly inadequate of profiting by the verdict of human history, a generation that has known the motifs that have inspired the development and progress of human kind, a generation that has had classic examples of individual heroism in sacrificial matters, a generation that has seen the galaxy of immortal minds with such

philosophical insight and ethical sensitiveness that they are the crystalized fundamentals of moral procedure and yet mean nothing, utterly nothing, a generation that after all this pressure and all this emphasis of human history only comes to the place where it apparently and quite obviously lacks the courage to put into actual realization in their human associations and contacts the fundamental needs and attitudes to save itself. It is no wonder that our modern world stares at a black wall and a blank wall! It is no wonder that egomaniacs are marshaling in mass formation the forces of hatred of the world and bringing the youth of mankind to the slaughterhouse of our modern age! It is no wonder that in almost every way you look man is giving evidence of being completely in the possession of the devils of greed and fear and superstition and cowardice! Where are the heroes of yesterday? Where are the leaders that in the hour of great crises in civilization's march in the past epochs embellished the pages with such brilliancy that, like the sun in this dark age, one hardly dares look upon them without being blinded! In an age when we are selling out in the game of life for greed and social position and fame and security and wealth and power while we stand by and let the vicious impulses of hatred and sin create the pitfalls that will swallow us all!

Where is this courage, this fearlessness that he saw necessary when he likened the generation of that age to the children playing at their games in the market places? Utterly unaware of what is being paved on the highway of tomorrow for the stumbling feet of human kind. Therefore, when I stand and look out at my little window of the world and see this passing show, this pageantry of it all, and then the need, the social aspect, and focus my thought and vision upon the individual in life, what do I find there so many times in this game which I choose to call the great game?

From the beginning of time the fact of the matter is that every record that has ever been written by human kind from the first beginnings of mankind's struggles and efforts he has found a certain form of relaxation and a certain need in the creation of games. Man has always been a player of games, almost contemporaneous with every other achievement which he has ever made has been his sense of need for the game. Of course there are a wide variety of reasons why this is so, probably the principal reason is that man resorts to games by way of outlet when life in its sternness and brutality buffets and pommels us for a certain length of time, then the spirit of the game takes possession of us and it becomes somewhat of an escapement and a great many people in life have that attitude of the game, that it is a sort of escapement, something that makes life tolerable and that makes life possible. But whether it is that or not, and it is not entirely that, man has always played games and man always will.

I choose in these moments this morning to think of life as it is so frequently thought of in terms of being a game, and by way of deduction, comparison and thought, see if it is not possible for us to find a way by which we can play the game just a little better than we are doing. That life is a game there is no doubt, but we think of games in two very definite ways. There is the attitude of the man who knows that his relationship to the game of life is one of viciousness and he is trying to substitute cleverness for merit and dishonesty for honesty, he is fundamentally conscious that the game he is playing is a game in its vulgar sense and therefore that sort of a man says: 'Well, I am playing this little game and I am going to play

it through. It is my game and I shall play it.' That, of course, is no game at all, that is just sheer, stark, brutal tragedy, for the only end to that man is disaster. If one is listening or if one is here who has the remotest idea that you can beat that game of life you will awaken some morning with your house of life crashing about you and destroyed. Life is never that kind of a game. The streets are full of people who think it is. Probably there is not one of them in this church this morning, they feel they do not need the church. They are not listening on the air, they laugh at religion and men like me and the ministers and rabbis and priests who are trying to bring to life a deep realization. Those people are not interested, they are playing the game on the basis of their wits, their cleverness, they understand how you can cheat in the game, they cheat; they understand how you can chisel with life, they chisel. They are not honest, honesty is not their game, cleverness is, and for two days this past week I have been face to face in a tragic way with hundreds in mass and many as individuals who sat across the table from me in Stateville penitentiary and looked into my face and affirmed the truth of what I have just said. You cannot cheat in the game of life and win! There is not a man or a woman in this audience this morning, nor is there a one listening, that has brains enough, you are not smart enough! Where did you get an idea that you were? You don't know enough, no matter how clever you are, how much knowledge you might possess or how much you may know of history, of economics, of science, of finance, of life. You don't know enough to cheat with life and win!

I wish with all my heart and soul that I could make that impression in the heart and mind of every young person in all this wide, wide land of ours. The average age of the convicts in Stateville penitentiary is 28 years—twenty-eight years! Playing the game of life and think you can win by not playing the rules of the game?

Life is a game, I repeat and repeat and repeat, and because it is a game there are rules to the game and every individual who loves games as I love bridge, chess, as I love many games, knows that you never get any fundamental reward from the game unless you have played the game according to the rules. If you win in a game and have cheated while you played, your victory turns sour in your own heart and in your own mind, for no one can relish, who is normally constituted, the fruits of life and the victories of life that are gained by fraud, deception or hypocrisy. Therefore don't think that you can make the rules, the rules are not made by you. The players do not make the rules, and if we are to play in this game and to play in the game of life and to win in the game of life we had better make up our minds in America and as individuals that we have got to play according to the rules of the game. I don't know of anything that is more needed at the moment than that. I look at the game that is being played on the chessboard of international diplomacy, I pause and shudder for what the next 24 hours, 48 hours, 2 months, 6 months will bring to civilization, and why? They have not been playing the game squarely and fairly! Are you playing the game of your individual life on that basis? Am I?

Well, these are questions you had better answer. These are questions you had better begin to solve! There is no better time to ask them and there is no better time to begin the solution than right now at this Lenten season. I have seen so many examples of men and women who have tried to play this game of life and cheat

on it because they thought they were clever or might never get caught and then I have seen life turn loose on them and when life turns loose and you get caught cheating in the game and your fellow players know that you cheat, life, life is tearing about you.

Then I see others who are playing it squarely and who are playing it fairly. Here is the tragedy: very few people who are cheating on it have any conviction of what they are doing. It may be quite malicious or quite studied, a great deal of it just merely happens, natural reactions to the game, a natural reaction to it, and the first thing we know we have no reserve, no strength when the great temptation comes we cheat, cheat all the way through.

An experience that shook my life and my soul to the very depth I had on Monday when I went to see the men come from their cells and toil into the dining room. I stood and watched them come in that procession of tears and remorse, viciousness and hate, all kinds—life—and as I stood there watching them I looked at one man in that line, fine looking man, gray hair, fine personality, I had known him over twenty years, I looked out of the corner of my eye and he looked at me out of the corner of his eye and life flashed by—that man a reputable business man, an honorable man, defaulted, embezzled, stole, in the game he was playing, and is listening to these words now which are going into the cells of that penitentiary! He did not play the game according to the rules, he thought he could cover up and get away, and I said to myself, 'I am going into my pulpit on Sunday morning with a conviction and with a spirit and purpose such as I have never had in all my ministry and I shall say something that shall touch some heart in my congregation or radio congregation that shall be instrumental in bringing them to a realization that life is something else than merely cheating and lying and stealing in the game.'

My friends, that's the message I have brought. I have brought it warm and deep out of my heart and out of my life. Is there not some young person here this morning in this fine congregation that will play the game squarely? It is a game! Is there not a man or woman here that deep down in their own lives they know that they have been bringing tragedy and inevitable disaster by what they are doing with life and it is about time to call a halt? Stop! STOP! Don't think you can win! The game is on, the board has been set, the cards have been dealt, you hold a hand and life—in the old song, 'Life is not the playing of a good hand, life is the playing of a poor hand well.'

One passage of Emerson's that always worried me—I have loved him all my life, and it worried me—until this thought flashed upon me this past week, again and again I have asked myself that question: 'What did he mean?' A great philosopher, a poet, a great understanding heart, he must have had a very clear idea when he said 'God's dice are all loaded.' He said it. 'God's dice are loaded' and you can't win against loaded dice and God holds in the game of life all the odds on the side of honor, honesty, duty, love, beauty. These are the things with which God has loaded his dice. You can't win in the game of life against the loaded dice of God. If you think you can and you want to smile at me this morning and laugh at what I have said, smile and laugh, but remember God's dice are loaded and some day, somewhere, you will not smile."

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of February:

2—Two sermons, The Peoples Church
3—Address, Sherman Hotel
3—Address, Crippled Children's Aid
3—Meeting, Chicago Literary Club
4—Address, Daughters of the Rennaisance
5—Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
6—Address, University of Minnesota, Crookston, Minn.
7—Address, Dixon, Ill.
9—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
10—Address, Congregational Minister's Union
10—Meeting, Chicago Wrangler's Club
10—Meeting, Chicago Temple
10—Meeting, Chicago Public Library Board
10—Meeting, Board of Trustees, The Peoples Church
10—Address, Men's Club, Peoples Church
11—Address, Hinsdale, Ill.
12—Address, Hamilton Club
12—Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
13—Address, Elgin, Ill.
13—Address, Sherman Hotel
14—Address, Pontiac, Ill., Men's Club
16—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
17—Meeting, Normal School Board, Springfield, Ill.
17—Address, South Shore Minister's Association
18—Address, Portage Park Woman's Club
18—Address Presbyterian Church Wheaton, Ill.
19—Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
19—Address, Logan Square Auditorium
20—Address, Usher's Club, Peoples Church
21—Address, Federation of Women's Clubs
21—Address, Arnold Bros. Sales Meeting
23—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
24—Address, Book Symposium, Medinah Club
25—Address, Chicago Heights, Ill.
26—Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
26—Address, Chicago Woman's Aid
27— Address, M. E. Church, Des Plaines, Ill.
28—Address, Safety Congress, Congress Hotel.

MEN'S CLUB

The Men's Club held their March meeting on the evening of March 16th, in Channing Hall. The hall was packed and some of the men were compelled to stand. Judge John Gutknecht of the Traffic Court gave a most interesting and valuable address. He answered questions for over an hour at the conclusion of the address. The Club has a paid up membership of 314 and will have 500 members by Easter Sunday according to the officers. The next meeting of the Club will be held on the evening of April 20th, when the speaker will be the Hon. William Barret Chamberlain, President of the Chicago Crime Commission and a member with our pastor of the Governor's Commission recently appointed to investigate Illinois Prisons. He will speak on "The Cause and Cure For Crime." It will be a most instructive and vital address. All members of the Club will be admitted by their membership cards, all other men of the church and congregation will be charged a guest fee of twenty-five cents.

Every man of the church and congregation as well as the radio audience is invited to become a member. Membership in the church is not required for membership in the club. The annual dues are one dollar a year. Ushers and members of the club are

at every service of the church and will be glad to take applications for membership or explain the club to prospects. Kindly approach any usher and you will be given the information gladly. The club meets every third Monday evening in the months of the church season. A very comprehensive and educational program is being prepared for next season. Only authoritative speakers in their respective fields will be invited to address the club. Mr. Hinton, the president, and Mr. C. A. Bradley, the chairman, of the Membership Committee is at every service and will be glad to welcome all who may wish to join. The club gives evidence of becoming one of the most important men's organizations in the city.

—William Emrich, Secretary.

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. McClurg, Interment Rosehill

3—Mrs. Gertrude Beckler, Interment, Kearney, Neb.

11—Mrs. Della Schwenk, Interment, Irving Park

27—Mr. Ned MacNamara, Interment, Rosehill.

WEDDINGS

1—William J. Stearns and Helen Wolf

1—Jess L. Biser and Mary F. Cook

13—Carl F. Carlson and Mary M. Taft

15—Herbert H. Klein and Gladyce M. Henningfield

18—Studley Burrough and Marie W. English

22—Ewald A. Young and Thelma G. Linnberg

22—Gerald A. Coulson and Rose Lange

22—Raymond Marquardt and Esther Wiskow.

SEE THYSELF!

In certain Shinto Temples of Japan there is a single piece of furniture: it is a mirror. No other symbols exist in these Nipponese shrines save a looking glass. There are no images of gods or goddesses. There are no Bibles, no holy writ. Nothing save a mirror. What particular beliefs attach to that symbol we do not know; but no one can keep back the thought that at some moment in the religious experience of some worshiper of long ago there came a beautiful flash of intuition. He saw himself! He found that supreme wisdom of self-knowledge without which we are aimless floats upon an uncharted sea. And out of that experience of self-revelation he conceived the mirror to be the truest symbol of religion. For what is religion to do anyway, if not to show in striking simplicity the deepest secrets of our being? How little we know ourselves! How little do we realize the presence of the hidden motives in our lives! Alas, how little do we know of the untapped resources of our souls! Mayhap what the mystics meant by "the face of God" and "the light of His countenance" has been simply an invisible mirror in which we might behold the self the world has buried from our sight.

O frightened self look deep within, and there behold thy greater, larger, finer, nobler self!

Argow.

Churches come and go but there has ever been but one religion. The only religion is conscience in action....Such a religion must express itself thru a church where science, the revelation of what has been, will never be at war with religion, the revelation of what ought to be.

—Henry Demorest Lloyd.

ALONG THE WAY

By Preston Bradley

What a winter it has been! Sunday after Sunday during January and February the temperature would be hovering around zero yet the Sunday morning congregations have been larger than I expected and the evening congregations have been wholly surprising. On the worst Sunday many of our older members and friends found it necessary to remain at home and listen on the radio. I have received many letters from them telling me of their absence —as tho I didn't miss them! When one faces the same congregation Sunday after Sunday year in and year out one always misses familiar faces even in a large congregation. As I go about the country many people ask me if our congregation is not a shifting one. While I always appreciate strangers and visitors I am certain the personnel of our congregations remains as constant as many orthodox churches. I see the same people service after service and over a long period of years. I miss them when they are absent and I am inspired when I see them back again. At our recent services it has been pleasant to welcome back many of our people who have been fortunate enough to escape the cold weather by a sojourn in Florida. We missed the loyal and faithful, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stickney, who have just returned and we look forward to seeing soon another member of our board, Mr. C. K. Anderson and his family. Also Mrs. Ernest Heg, who has been wintering in Florida. Surely, no pastor anywhere could possibly be any more fortunate in the constancy of his people than am I. These friendships deepen with the coming of the years.

As spring comes on the weather conditions will make it possible for many of our radio friends to visit the church. They are always most welcome. There is never a Sunday when we do not have many radio visitors. If you are a listener why not plan to visit the church this spring?

* * * * *

The life of the church is now actively preparing for the triumphant Easter celebration. We are planning to receive a class of 150 new members at the service Easter afternoon at 3:00. Last year 119 new members were received. If you desire to be received on Easter Sunday kindly send your name to the church office or after any service I will be glad to talk the matter over with you. I may be found at the foot of the steps leading in to the Vestry at the left of the pulpit. I am always glad to greet visitors and friends there. Perhaps I may be able to help you in some way for being a help is all I am striving to do.

The Sunday evening services will close with the service on Sunday evening, April 26th. It is with a deep feeling of humility and a grave sense of responsibility when I think of the great congregations we have been having. When other churches are unable to hold any evening services and in neighborhoods several churches find it necessary to combine in order to get a respectable Sunday evening congregation it is inspiring to have the experience of a packed church every Sunday evening of nearly 2,000 people. Many times during the winter our congregations have been much larger than the world famous Sunday evening Club with its nationally known speakers, expensive music and city wide appeal. We are not boasting but way down deep inside of us we are tremendously gratified that what we are trying to do is so deeply

appreciated Sunday after Sunday and year after year. If you attend our Sunday evening service you will see one of the greatest congregations on this continent. The evening services will not be resumed until the first Sunday evening next October.

* * * * *

It is encouraging to find the same response to the regular Wednesday evening Book Lectures which are given each Wednesday evening from November through April. From all over the city have come teachers, students, librarians, critics, writers and High School undergraduates to these lectures. I have tried to present a diversified list of books and the response has been a constant marvel. The last book lecture for this, the fourth season, will be held Wednesday evening, April 29th, when I will discuss "The Way of a Transgressor" by Negley Farson.

* * * * *

Any member of the church which missed the recently held 24th annual meeting of the church missed a great stimulus. Channing Hall was well filled. The reports for each organization were enthusiastically received. The terms of office of the expiring trustees were filled by their re-election. Our efficient and faithful president, Mr. Walter H. Harmsdorf was unanimously chosen to succeed himself as President of the church to the delight of all. Mr. Thos. A. Harrison who gives so much of his time and attention to the church was re-elected as was our hard working secretary, Mrs. May H. Harrison, who is so well known to our radio friends and the parents of the children on our Cradle Roll. I can say as one who has attended every one of the 24 annual meetings that I have never known a better spirit to pervade the meeting. I never felt more encouraged for the future of our work than I do today. The greatest challenge ever presented to the church is now being created in the world of today and we welcome the challenge. Our church was born for just such a time as this. Let us go forward!

* * * * *

Coming out of the dining room of the Terra Haute, Ind., Hotel one morning recently I noticed at a nearby table that distinguished preacher and statesman—bishop of the M. E. Church—Bishop MacDowell. I had noticed as I took a morning walk about the streets before going in to breakfast that he was to preach in Terre Haute that evening. I could not resist greeting him and was graciously received. He was quite familiar with our work in Chicago. I recalled to him that I had heard him preach many years ago at a Lenten service in the Garrick Theater a sermon on "The Temptations of Jesus" and when I repeated to him some of the thoughts of that sermon he seemed as pleased as a boy with a new top. He is retired now and lives in Washington, D. C. He possesses a personality of majestic proportions, a quiet dignity, a delightful appreciation of humor and I think with the possible exception of Lynn Harold Hough he has the best philosophical mind in the Methodist church. I asked him what he was preaching on these days and he said with a note of triumph in his reply, "I am giving my testimony. I feel that is most important as I near the end." I regretted deeply that I was speaking at the same hour in the Shrine Auditorium just a block or two away from the church where he was speaking and was denied the opportunity of hearing him. He appeared well, in good spirits, bouyant and vital all of which is beautiful when one remembers he is living as the old phrase goes "on borrowed time." Meeting him but for a moment was an abiding experience.

* * * * *

No one except one who has a similar experience can appreciate

the joy it is to meet people here and there and everywhere who feel acquainted with you because they listen to you on the radio. Although I have been in radio almost from the beginning of broadcasting I never tire of the experience nor does it become burdensome. I suppose it is the vanity in one. Recently I was the speaker at the annual Father and Sons Banquet in the First Congregational church of Dundee, Ill. My good friend the Rev. William Hill is the pastor, The dining room was packed and after the dinner I talked for over an hour with radio friends. It was a stimulating experience as always. The church presented me with a very wonderful fly rod which is hand made and had won several tournaments. Before I went to bed that night I put the rod together just to get the feel of it and I know its unquestionable sportiness. I hope that on some little bass lake in the Arrowhead of my beloved Minnesota I will have an opportunity this summer of proving that which is now only a prophecy. There is no more "unblemished sport in the world" than fly fishing. I am deeply appreciative of the thoughtfulness of my Dundee friends. During the summer I will write more fully of the results. I am not only trying to be a "fisher of men" but a "fisher of fish" and there is nothing incompatible between them. I never met a bad man who was a good fisherman but I have met some good men who were bad fishermen! Being a good man and a good fisherman is the highest ideal of mankind!

* * * * *

I hope our friends and members will remember the services of Holy Week and plan to attend as many as possible. I will speak each noon in the Erlanger Theater in the heart of Chicago's Loop and every evening in the church auditorium. In another place in this issue you will find the subjects for the week. Radio friends who are employed in the Loop are invited to attend the Loop services which will begin at 12:10 sharp each noon and close at 12:40. A half hour of inspiration every day. In the evening at the church the services will begin at 8:00 o'clock sharp and close promptly at 9:00. On Thursday evening will be held our annual Communion and Memorial Service and on Friday evening the solemn and impressive Good Friday evening service. Why not set aside Holy Week this year as an opportunity for the deepening of your spiritual foundations? Whatever your creed or faith there is a message in the life and death of the Great Teacher which you need.

* * * * *

The radio mail has been large and interesting during the month. I wish every radio writer would remember that I read all of the radio mail. It is a privilege and one I deeply appreciate. I always welcome constructive criticism and always need your friendly letters of gratitude. Please do not feel that I am ever too busy or occupied to be concerned about your problems and difficulties. That is what I am here for and that is the purpose of the broadcast. I hope you will also remember that it costs us a great deal of money to broadcast and your contributions, large or small, are not only welcome but necessary! Why not remember the church with an unusual Easter contribution for radio work?

* * * * *

Just before Easter every name on our list of radio friends and members of the church will receive an Easter letter from me. Will you read it carefully? There will be enclosed with the letter a little gift which I hope you will find convenient to use! Wait and see. It's a surprise! I hope and wish for each of you the happiest Eastertide you have ever known.

"UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES"

By Grace T. Bradley

I suppose nearly everyone in the United States dreams of going to Florida sometime! From what my eyes have witnessed I believe the majority get there!

After fighting through most of the worst winter Chicago has had within the history of the weather bureau, it finally seemed expedient for me to go to Florida where I could be out of doors and soak up all the sunshine possible. No one ever doubts there will be plenty of sunshine in Florida.

I was quite excited about going —because—like going to Europe —it was a dream coming true; and no one knew more than I how much I needed sunshine and mild air. When I had traveled a day and a night I awakened in the morning when the train stopped at a small station and peeping out the window from my birth I had the first thrill of the South when I beheld right before my window a huge "live-oak" tree; now a "live-oak" is really about the deadest looking live tree—in my opinion—it looks dusty and kind of dried up,—but—to see a tree in full leaf and some green grass around it—morning sunshine and clear blue sky, and people passing by without coats—well it gave me an exultant feeling of Spring! The middle of the morning we reached Jacksonville, and words cannot express the pleasure of feeling soft balmy air and warm sunshine when I got off the train and strolled out on the street around the station. The train remained there an hour.

A little later on I nearly jumped out the window with delight—and oh! how I longed for someone to be at my side to whom I could say in my enthusiasm "oh! look—look!" when I saw for the first time orange trees in bloom and colorful with ripe golden fruit weighting the boughs.

By the time I reached St. Petersburg at the close of the day, the sunset tinting the sky in rich colors, I felt I had entered a new world. If Chicago has experienced unusual winter so also has southern Florida. People coming here for twenty-five years say there never has been so much rain—so many cloudy days—so very little sunshine.

However, I have been able to be out of doors, the air is soft and balmy and lovely to breathe, trees and grass are green and flowers blooming, and mocking birds singing their varied songs all the day long. I wish mocking birds would fly north for the summer! When the clouds scatter and the blue sky spreads overhead as it does for an hour or so now and then, it is blue indeed, and the sunshine is warm and golden.

I have had a few unforgetable days here. One was when I went with our dear friends (and members of the church) who happily were here when I came,—the Ports of Wilton Junction, Iowa, and the Kendalls of Evanston, to visit the "Bok Tower" and Bird Sanctuary" at Mountain Lake, about eighty-five miles from here. But that is a story in itself, and I think I will keep it for the April Liberalist, for April is the Easter month—and Spring—very much in harmony with the Singing Tower and Sanctuary.

The other wonderful day was my visit to the Art Museum at Sarasota, beginning with the surprise meeting with a dear friend —who is also a member of our church. One day near noontime I was walking along the street on the way to my solitary luncheon —(I miss my blessed family more at meals than any other time!) suddenly I stood still, watching a lady who was looking in a window. A strangely familiar figure I thought—but it hardly seemed a possible happenstance, and then coming nearer, she turned—and looking into my face as much surprised as I.—was Mrs. Ernest Heg,—Taking me by the arm she

said "come around the corner to my hotel where we can visit." Mr. Heg joined us at luncheon, and afterwards we took a delightful drive to Clear Water, the way leading through vast acres of orange groves heavy with fruit, and the air perfumed with blossoms. A few days later Mrs Heg invited me to drive to Sarasota to see the art treasures there. That day is far too much to speak of in this rambling chat about my impressions of Florida.

St. Petersburg reminds me of Paris—albeit a very small Paris—and a clean Paris—but still Paris, more than any other place I know of. I mean only the downtown district, for of course the residential portion with streets bordered with tall Royal Palms waving gracefully in the gentle breeze, the style of houses, orange trees, etc., has nothing in common with Paris. Large bushes of brilliant red Hibiscus are everywhere, and the magnificent Flame Vine makes hedges and climbs trees, almost covering them and draping the branches with broad splashes of color. It is the most spectacular and beautiful vine I have ever seen. It was a crushing blow when I was told, upon enquiring about it, that it will not grow up north.

There is a fascination about St. Petersburg that gets into the blood. I did not know it the first week, but I realized why people come back year after year, after I began to walk about its streets, and visit its attractive shops and restaurants, sit in the park listening to Band Concerts, and watch the world go by—which seems almost literally true—when one sees the vast crowds constantly passing. The green benches are quite a feature of this Southern city. The board sidewalks have benches all along the curbings—hundreds of them, and they are filled every hour of the day with people from every state in the Union. Most of them are friendly and sociable and there is a holiday spirit supreme. There are many jokes about these green benches—with no doubt a degree of truth in them. There is a very fine Municipal Pier, and always a good deal of interesting activity down there. The Pelicans are very amusing, big gawky birds with their flapping wings and huge clumsy orange-color bills; they are so tame they will follow anyone around who has fish to feed them, and small fish are sold for this purpose. To a dock near the Pier great freighters come, and passenger boats going to or from Cuba and other ports. People sit on the benches at the pier and read or knit or talk or watch the sea—the sky—the pelicans. Many nice things may be purchased at booths in the Municipal Building, and there are also Cafe's, and music at certain hours. What a delightful place this must be in normal Florida weather. When the record was broken around the first of February, I am told, there had been over five hundred consecutive days when the sun shone in St. Petersburg. I fear there is going to be a different record now they will not be so proud of!

However—Florida even in grey days and little sunshine has been pleasanter than March in the cold and snow up North, and I have enjoyed the experience.—

Written at,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

About this time of the calendar nearly everyone begins to feel the least weeny bit of the spirit of discontent. Most all of us are tired to the point of desperation of the winter, the bitterly cold weather, grey skies, piles upon piles of filthy looking snow, icy walks and general ugliness out of doors, and indoors this offering is not so good either. Windows curtains and draperies getting dingy from all the steam heat turned on at top notch for weeks,

house plants dying from same cause. The radio has become a bore most of the time. One has grown tired of their clothes, tired of knitting, tired of the newspapers saying the "cold snap will break tomorrow"—and everything else the newspapers state! But—in spite of all this— in spite of the zero weather—those who could attend the meetings of the Woman's Club have been well repaid and had a thoroughly enjoyable time listening to splendid talks—fine recitals—lovely music —and been inspired and stimulated by the friendly association and good fellowship one afternoon of each week. Those who have remained home either from necessity or choice, have missed some very delightful programs during February. The specially big day being February 3rd, Reciprocity Day, when J. Bradley-Griffin gave a dramatic recital of the three act play "The First Lady."

February 10th, Mrs. Sweizer chairman of "Ways and Means" held one of her delightful card parties at the Edgewater Beach Hotel—the weather being very bad there was not as large a crowd as there should have been. But it was thoroughly enjoyable.

February 17th, Department of Motion Pictures gave a most entertaining program with a one act playlette presented by a group of the members. Mrs. F. H. Campbell chairman. February 24th, Department of Public Welfare presented an educational program with Mrs. A. M. Cameron, chairman. There are many good things ahead for March.

A "Cafeteria Luncheon" to be held in Channing Hall, March 23rd, is going to be a very special occasion and everyone wants to be there! A program will be presented by Club Talent—Do not miss this day!

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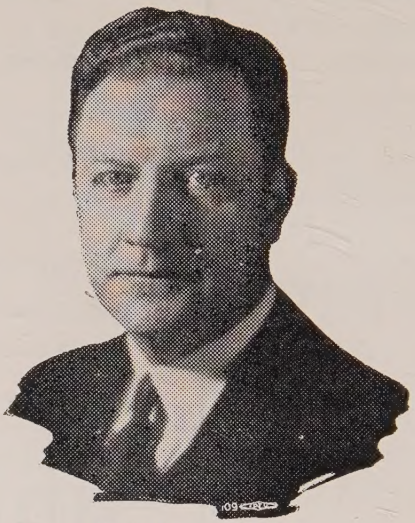

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